

For Nature, in man's heart her laws doth pen,
Prescribing Truth to Wit! and Good
to Will! Which do accuse, or else
excuse all men, For every thought or
practice, good or ill!

And yet these sparks grow almost infinite,
Making the world and all therein, their
food; As fire so spreads, as no place
holdeth it, Being nourished still with new
supplies of wood.

And though these sparks were almost quenched
with sin, Yet they, whom that Just One hath
justified. Have them increased, with
Heavenly Light within! And, like the
Widow's oil, still multiplied!

And as this Wit should goodness truly know,
We have a Wit which that true good should
choose ! Thrower Chough Will do oft (when Wit,
false Forms doth show) Take 111, for Good; and
Good, for 111 refuse.

Will puts in practice what the Wit deviseth !
The Will ever acts, and Wit contemplates
still!
relations And as from Wit the power of
Wisdom riseth; w^ind All other virtues,
daughters are of Will!
Will b

Will is the Prince! and Wit, the Councillor !
Which doth for common good in council
sit; And when Wit is resolved; Will lends
her power To execute what is advised by
Wit.

Wit is the Mind's Chief Judge! which doth
control, Of Fancy's Court, the
judgements false and vain ! Will holds
the royal sceptre in the Soul; And on the
Passions of the Heart doth reign!

Will is as free as any Emperor!
Nought can restrain her gentle
liberty! No tyrant, nor no torment
hath the power To make us will;
when we unwilling be !